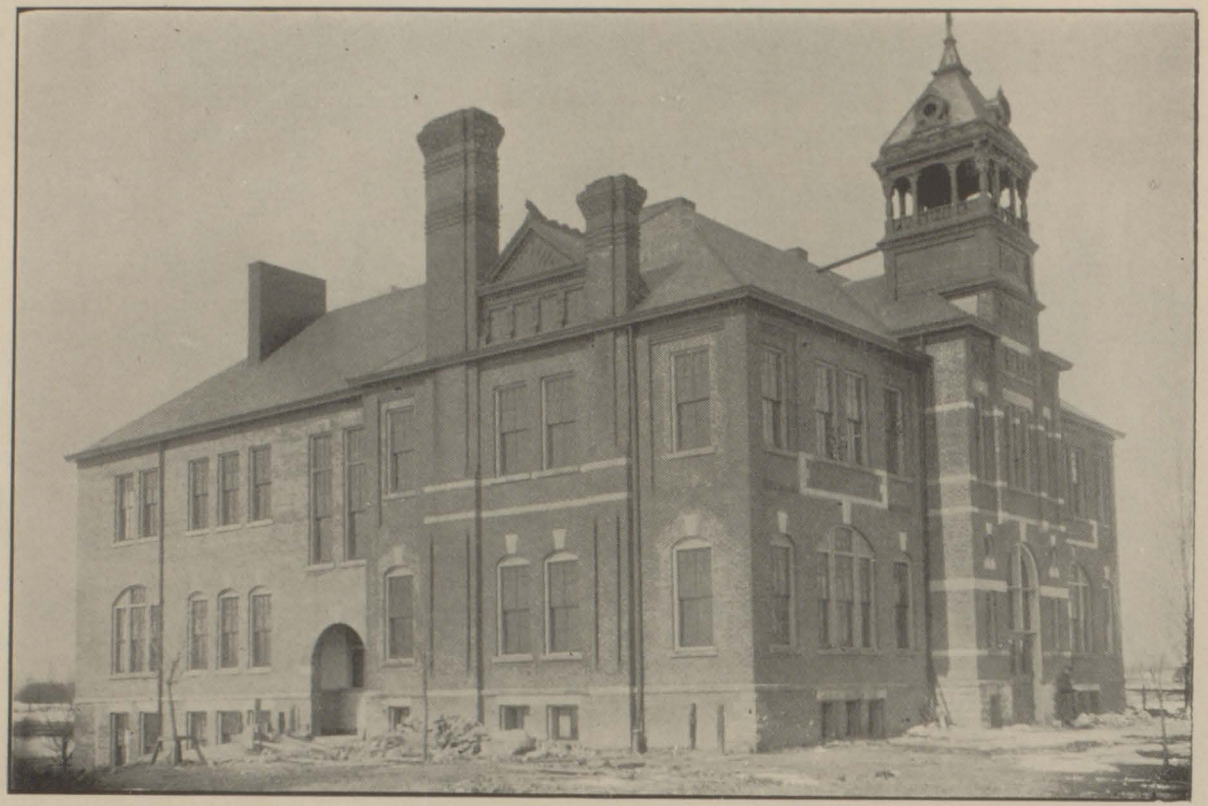
THE SENIOR

1909

Y.H.S.
Yearbook
1909

THE SENIOR

1909



High School Building

Dedication



Miss Roy

To her with whom our earliest recollection of school life is associated, we respectfully dedicate the "Senior."

Miss Phoebe Roy.



The Board of Editors

Board of Editors

Editor-in-Chief, - - - Pearl Smith.
Business Manager, - - Shirley Owens.
Assistant Business Manager, Mabel Phillips.

Associate Editors.

Clara Cooper, Norman Ellar.
Grace Danielson, Vernon Shaver.
Sadie Houghton, Faye Welch.
Ethel Martin, Olive Goheen.

Editorial

To the readers, and to all who have contributed or assisted us in the publication of this book the editors extend greetings, with the hope that each and every person who turns these pages will find something there which will be of interest to him. In making the book we have kept in mind that future day when for many of us members of the class of nineteen hundred and nine, the Yale High School and all our present associations will be things of the past, and anything which will bring them to our minds will be welcome indeed.

Student readers: We believe the faces on the pages of the "Senior" will recall many bright memories. But after memories have faded somewhat, and the events of the year 1908-09 have become ancient history, we hope the information found on its pages will bring back again the pleasures of school life and help you to live anew your days of youth.

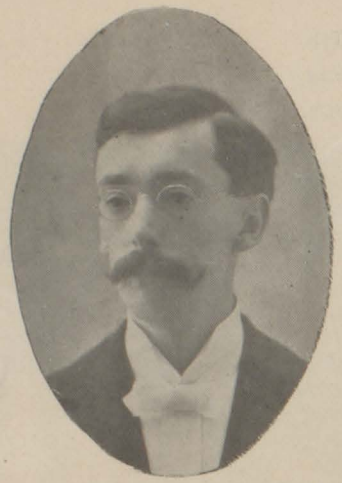
We have endeavored to represent every phase of school life and to show its relation to the school as a whole. Much of detail has of necessity been omitted, yet if a brief outline of the best in the school has been set forth, we rest content.

The editors voice the sentiment of the class in saying that our Alma Mater will ever be fondly cherished by us. It represents to us more than a place of toil; more than a place of opportunity. It emphasizes the dignity of labor, and the love of it.

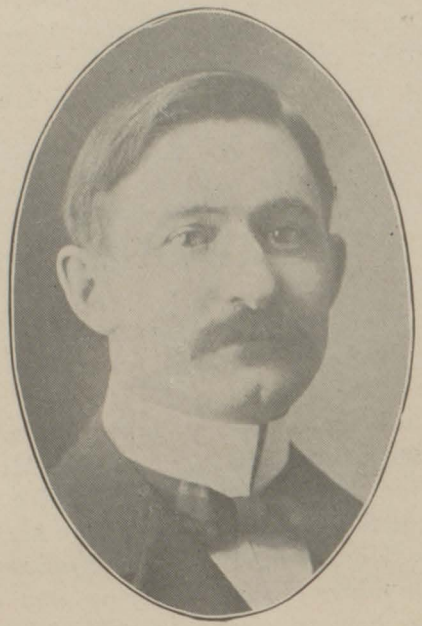
Again we wish to thank those who have assisted us in any way in making this book what it is. Your assistance has been greatly appreciated, and we trust you may find in the book a suitable reward.

The Editors.

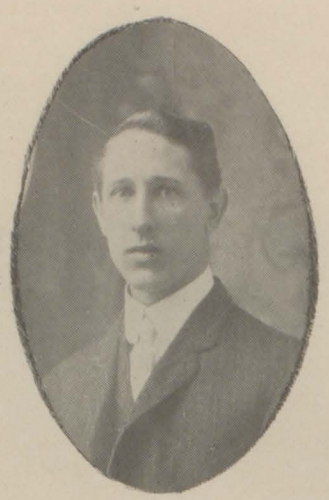
Board of Education



E. F. Fead



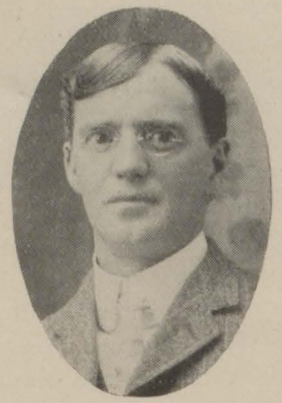
James E. Beavis



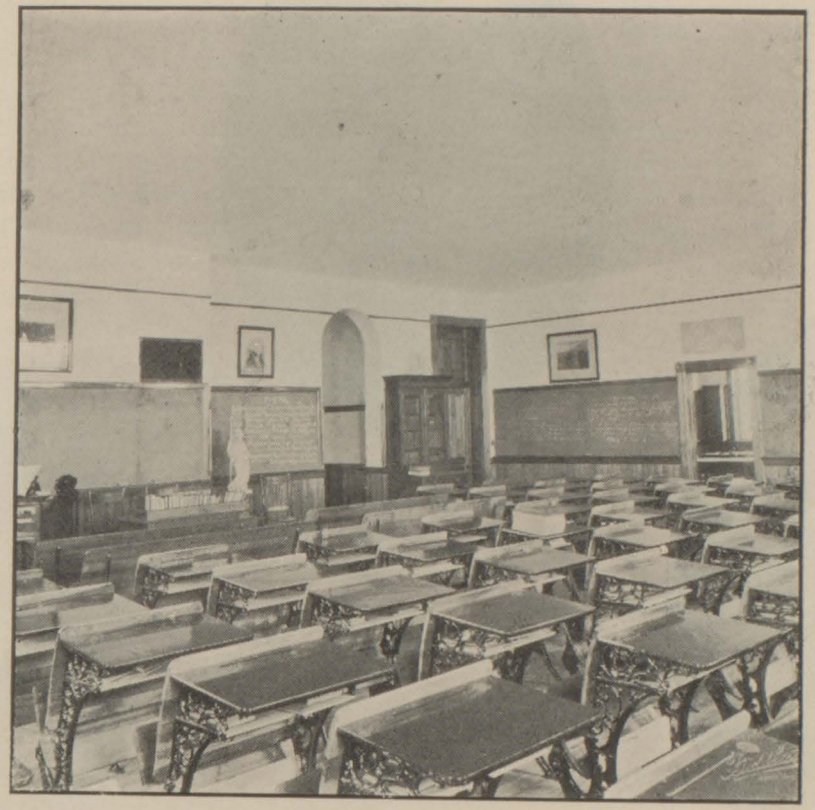
Frank Andreae



James Wallace



John Hutton



Interior of High School Room

The High School Faculty



N. J. Drouyor
Sup't



Flossie Van Wagnen
Principal



Jaunita S. Cuvrell
Ass't Principal

Things Worth While

By N. J. Drouyor.

It is worth while just to live in a world like this that has so much of beauty and music and harmony and love to sweeten and brighten, even though dark clouds do show prominently here and there. And it becomes more and more truly worth while just in proportion as we learn to live truly which means the putting of ourselves into perfect harmony with the great forces which govern our lives.

It is worth while to spend the first third of life in the schools drinking from the fountains of knowledge that, during the remainder of life, we may the better appreciate every phase of it and be able to contribute to the intelligence and happiness of our fellowmen. There is no royal road to learning. The path is long, often rugged and steep, and many fall by the way but he who becomes really learned is a king and must wield a mightier influence than he who inherits kingship.

Today, probably more than ever before, splendid opportunities for the young are offering on every hand and the demand for keen, alert, trained young men and women in many lines is far greater than the supply. There is always a crowd of unskilled, untrained workers for every position open and in the days to come this is bound to be more strikingly true. But for every well-trained, skillful man there are a dozen places anxious to have him. A manufacturing concern that wished to add 1000 common laborers at $2 per day could do so almost anywhere in the country on short notice but when any of the great institutions of our country want men, as they always do, that can earn from $5,000 to $25,000 a year they find it exceedingly difficult to fill the places. Men do not just happen to be worth $5,000 or $25,000 a year but they have come to be so valuable through years of painstaking effort, mastering the minutest details of the business they have engaged in, till they are more expert in their line than any competitor.

The day has passed when the Jack of all trades can hope to win a high place anywhere. It is worth while to make yourself absolute master of the one thing, which after mature study and deliberation, you feel yourself naturally equipped for. When you have done this you will be asked to name your own salary. Some one has said, "If you learned even to make a mouse trap better than any other could make it, though you lived in the wilderness far from any habitation, the world would soon have a well-beaten path to your door."

"The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets."

It is worth while to play fair from start to finish no matter what may tempt you to do otherwise nor what the apparent advantage may be; to show the world a smile and stiff upper lip even though indigestion or some other cause has drained your courage low. Confidence in your ability to do things will go far in convincing the world that you are able to make good.

Each is in a large sense his own maker, the arbiter of his own fate and it is worth while to take yourself in hand and mould yourself so that you will be what your Creator intended you to be—a complete man or woman, clean, sweet and true in body mind and soul. It is worth while to remember that pluck means infinitely more than luck and that opportunity knocks at every door. Happy indeed will you be if when opportunity calls she addresses you thus, "Here is a man who has made use of the mind and the hands the Almighty gave him—who has not dissipated his talents—who has cultivated every one of his faculties as the modern conservationist cultivates his land."

As the evening of life approaches and your sun nears the western horizon it will certainly be worth while to be able to look back and feel that each hour in your little day has been improved in the enriching of your own and other lives. Then, best of all, to look forward to the great tomorrow with the conscious assurance that you have developed a quality of life that can no more disappear in God's great universe than He Himself.

Senior Class--1909

Officers.

President, - -	Pearl Smith.
Vice President, - -	Norman Ellor.
Secretary, - -	Ethel Martin.
Treasurer, - -	Mabel Phillips.

Class colors—Green and Gold.

Class motto—Outward Bound.

Class Roster

Clara Cooper,—

"How pretty her blushing was and how she blushed again."

Shirley Owens,—

"And now his mustache becomes almost visible to the naked eye."

Ethel Martin,—

"I like your silence; it the more shows off your wonders."

Pearl Smith,—

"A brain she has that never errs."

Olive Goheen,—

"I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go."

Sadie Houghton,—

"Shy she was, I thought you cold."

Norman Ellar,—

"A jolly old pedagogue, tall and slender, sallow and dry."

Faye Welch,—

"She glides serenely on her way."

Grace Danielson,—

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."

Vernon Shaver,—

"Your the best of little fellows."

Mabel Phillips,—

"As prone to mischief; as able to perform it."

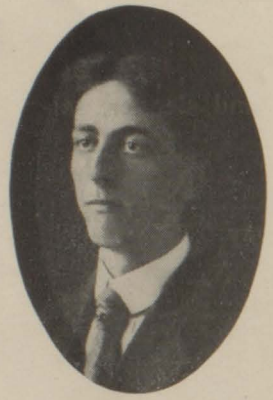
The Senior Class



Pearl Smith



Ethel Martin



Norman Ellar



Sadie Houghton



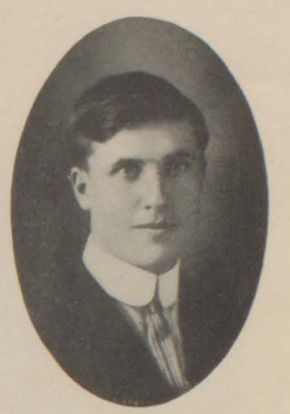
Mabel Phillips



Faye Welch



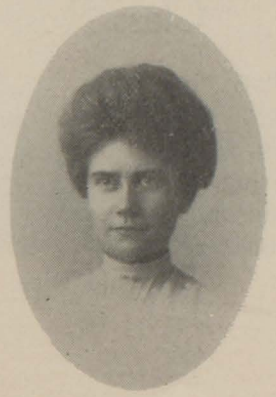
Grace Danielson



Shirley Owens



Vernan Shaver



Clara Cooper



Olive Goheen

Junior Class--1910

Officers.

President,	- -	Ventry Hisey
Vice President,	- -	Letta Beadle.
Secretary,	- -	Ima Wharton.
Treasurer,	- -	Jennie Fletcher.

Class colors—Shamrock and White.

Class Roster

Pearl Fletcher,
Ventry Hisey,
Letta Beadle,
Clarence Spring,
George Windsor,
Ima Wharton,
Mayme Baxter,
Harry Campbell,
Jennie Fletcher,
Cleve Bradshaw,
Tom Parkinson,
Estelle Danielson,
Harold Rice.



The Junior Class

Sophomore Class--1911

Officers.

President,	- -	George Blackford.
Secretary,	- -	Fredda Holden.
Treasurer,	- -	Lloyd Andreae.

Class Roster

George Blackford,
Fredda Holden,
Josephine Higley,
Bert Freeman,
Jessie McCall,
Melva Phelps,
Lloyd Andreae,
Fredda Wallace,
Dora Martin,
James Cork,
Cecile Lovejoy,
Frank Sheehy,
Ethel Bidleman.



The Sophomore Class

Freshmen Class--1912

Officers.

President, - -	Albert Menery.
Vice President, - -	Geo.Stableford.
Secretary, - -	Grace Hollenback.
Treasurer, - -	Lizzie Shaw.

Class colors—Old Rose and White.

Class Roster

Albert Menery,
Thomas Magner,
Martha Jordan,
Violet Phillips,
Clare Johnson,
Willie Beers,
Nellie Ohmer,
Eddie Ohmer,
Ford Waldorf,
Leah Todd,
Alymon Somers,
Elsie Huffman,
Hazel Paisley,
Lizzie Shaw,
Eddie Johnson,
Stephen Brown,
Harvey Sayles,
Thannie Harvey,
Ruth Skiffington,
Winnie Monroe,
John Sloat,
Geo. Stableford,
Grace Hollenback,
Ray Knapp,
Ida Laycock,
Georgiana Beavis,
Alex Adams,
Lizzie Weston.



The Freshman Class

Sub-Freshmen Class--1913

President, - - Isla Evans.
Vice President, - - Lloyd Sponenburg.
Secretary-Treasurer, - Percy Hallead.

Class motto—"Not finished but begun."
Class colors—Black and yellow.

Class Roster

George Beadle,
Walter Andreae,
Hazel Wharton,
Isla Evans,
Lee Holden,
Lorence Menery,
Emma Richardson,
Vera McLaughlin,
Earl Burt,
Mary Lynch,
Lura Kelly,
Norma Wight,
Percy Hallead,
LloydSponenburg
Zelda Armstrong,
Lucy Menery,
Josephine Beard,
Albert Hartwig,
Lloyd Allen,
Leo. Sexton,



The Sub-Freshmen Class



The Grade Faculty

Grades Faculty

Seventh and Eighth Grades,.....Mary Ware
Sixth Grade, ...Hattie Merrill.
Fifth Grade, ...Clarica Goheen.
Fourth Grade, ... Edna Lockwood.
Third Grade, ...Marion Nash.
Second Grade, ...Lena B. Meade.
First Grade, ...Phoebe Roy.
Kindergarten, ...Florence Pierce.



The Seventh Grade



The Sixth Grade

Thelma Wims Groom

Class Day Program

Music, by Orchestra.	
Invocation	Rev. R. O. Lawrason
Salutatory	Ethel M. Martin
"An Uncrowned Queen"	Sadie J. Houghton
Music, by Orchestra.	
Class Poem	Olive E. Goheen
"The Inheritance of an American"	Vernon A. Shaver
"The Real Lincoln"	Shirley L. Owens
Piano Solo	Miss May Hoskins
"Jane Addams and Her Work"	Faye R. Welch
Class History	Clara E. Cooper
Lewis Cass	Norman H. Ellar
Music, by Orchestra.	
"Nature's Voice"	L. Mabel Phillips
Class Prophecy	Grace Danielson
Valedictory	Pearl Smith
Music, by Orchestra.	
Benediction	Rev. Ostrander

Salutatory

By Ethel Martin

Dear friends: We, the class of nineteen and nine extend to you our heartiest greeting and welcome you to our class exercises. We are pleased to see so many here to night who have taken so kindly an interest in what is to us a very important event.

Happy, indeed, are we to greet you; you, who have done so much for us; you who have always been ready to make smooth the rough places in our paths; you, who have taken so great an interest in the work which we are now leaving; and also you, dear schoolmates, who will almost too soon bid farewell to the many pleasant days of high school life.

Some of our class have been associated since childhood, while others entered the class later receiving such a warm welcome and friendly interest that it will be long remembered with gratitude.

For some time we have been living in a miniature world of our own, forming the characters we are to retain through life, and preparing ourselves for the places we are to fill as men and women of today; striving for the best attainments; working for the betterment of humanity and for the best interests of this bright and glorious land, for,—"Blessings do not fall in listless hands, by toil the soul must prove its steadfast purpose over all."

As the sturdy pioneer slowly but steadfastly made his way through the western wilderness, step by step, so we have reached the goal of our past hopes and ambitions; but, it is only now that we fully realize that we are far from the topmost round of the ladder of learning.

We are as blocks of marble, which having been placed in the hands of talented sculptors, are formed into the great plan of the universe. Our actions and words today may not shine with the polish that a higher or a more liberal education would give; but, we ask you not to blame the sculptors who have so patiently labored with us, for time and time alone can reveal the possibilities which are conceived in the half formed blocks of marble.

Aware of our deficiencies we stand on the threshold, behind us the door is closing to many happy days, in our hands are keys which will open strange and diverse doors of life, but we are left to ourselves which course to pursue. We realize that almost all our future success depends upon this choice. But since we are about to leave the protectional influence which has counted for so much in our past welfare, we trust that the foundation of our lives is strong and firm enough upon which to build our future.

We are not here tonight to display our knowledge, but to give what we hope will prove an interesting exercise, and mark for ourselves and our

friends a day, exceptionally happy, yet in some respects a sad one. Happy, that we have finished our school course; happy, to have reached the place for which we have so long yearned; but sad; sad because it is the parting day of our school companionship; sad, because it completes the course wherein we have toiled with but few clouds to obscure the brightness and sunshine of life's joyous morning. It is with an undefined feeling of regret, longing and sorrow, rising in our hearts as we bid farewell to the many golden school days, that we almost wish they were not yet finished.

We hope that pleasant thoughts of this evening will come to you in after years as the poet expressed it in the following thought,—The song I breathed into the air, fell to the earth I knew not where; but long, long afterwards, I found it again in the heart of a friend.

Again we have come to the place where our pathways diverge, when as teachers and pupils, we shall never be associated as in days gone by. Each one must now fill his place in the throng of humanity, striving for what is the highest and the best. But dear friends, let us not forget the happy days we have spent together, and let us always retain a warm interest in the welfare of one another although our ways be far apart.

Again, dear friends, we say to all,—Welcome, thrice, Welcome.



Nature's Voice

By Mabel Phillips

"To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."

Nature has a voice for each individual whether great or small. It is true that we do not all appreciate it to the same extent. Nature does not speak to all in the same language, but we would be little better than lumps of clay if we were entirely indifferent to her offerings—the birds with their joyous carols and the bright fresh flowers tossing their heads in welcome to us. Then what a display of surpassing beauty is brought out in the varying colors of the landscape. Every tint seems to reflect a beautiful thought. And is this not of use to us. It cheers our spirits in our sorrowing moments; it lifts our minds to regions of higher thought and we feel less inclined to the common things of life while the deeper propensities of our souls are being wrought upon. Indeed, the genuine pleasure that can be drawn from the beauties in nature are enough to compensate us for all the trials and sorrows we have to bear.

As God in his wisdom has created men of various minds, so too, he has fashioned the forms of nature to suit these minds. The scientist studies nature in a systematic way. He experiments and seeks out her mysteries and gives them to mankind. The astronomer, botanist, physicist and chemist have revealed to us worlds of wonders which we would never have received had they not given their entire life to this wonderful study. We ought to appreciate these inheritances more and more as we become intimate with and are able to read a little from nature's infinite book of secrecy.

Nature does not teach the scientist alone but also the poet. Although the poet does not study her laws and seek to explain her workings, he is none the less sensitive to the voice of nature. His poetic soul responds to every sound and scene of beauty. Wordsworth had an especially keen eye and ear for her charms, and the colors and sounds are vividly reproduced in his poetry. Tennyson's love of nature was scarcely inferior to that of Wordsworth. He felt a rest in her steadfastness patient progress and hopefulness, and saw in it the glory and greatness of God. Bryant, our own American poet, was a true apostle of nature. He loved to roam alone in the fields and woods listening—

"To winds that brought into their silent depths
The murmur of mountain waterfalls."

Truly nature spoke a "various language" to him for above three fourths of his poems are direct suggestions from her. Thus God has called the scientist, poet and philosopher to interpret the threefold meaning of his works and as the voice of nature speaks to them, they give it to the multitudes.

Far beneath these is the average person in his understanding and appreciation of nature. There is as much difference between these as the skilled mechanic and the common workman. In spite of this fact the appreciation is not wanting and the man of the world still finds time to leave the buzz and excitement of business life and live near "nature's heart." Perhaps without knowing it he is paying her a worthy tribute. Some have grown so indifferent to nature that only when it is attired in its most gorgeous apparel does it appeal to them yet, there cannot be a soul so dead that the wonders of nature do not prove to him the supremacy of God.

Since nature with her "various language" has an influence on each and every one of us and appeals to the best that is in us why not "go forth and list to nature's teachings."

"Live thou in nature!
Live with the stars and the wind!"

Take all that nature gives you. Take sweetness from the grass, strength from the storm, patience from the growing seeds, gentleness from the twilight and every virtue from the wholesome day.



Outward Bound

Class Poem

By Olive Goheen

Out of the harbor of safety
Away from the sheltered cove
Sailing upon life's ocean
Braving manifold dangers
In infinite numbers of forms
Ready to meet life's confflicts
Ready to fight life's battles
And wrestle with winds and storms.
Full long have we lain in the harbor,
Where storms and winds are few,
Where the dark heavy clouds come but seldom
To mar our heaven's bright blue.
Full long have we lain in the harbor
Being built and equipped for the voyage
And the shipwrights have labored early and late
Toiling with ceaseless efforts and care
That each might built and fitted be
To cope with the furious hurricanes
That rage on the open sea.
But at last the craftmen's work is o'er
The anchor's raised; the sail unfurled;
And our little fleet is outward bound
For the far-off shores of an unknown world.
But as proudly we sail from the harbor
How Bright our hopes! Our prospects how fair!
As we think of the worlds yet untraversed by us,
Of realms never touched by our feet
What glorious visions! What golden dreams!
Mount up in castles of air.
In fancy we see ourselves conquering worlds
In victorious battles engage,
And with beating hearts we hear our names
Go thundering down the age.
What care we now for dangers
Ere our voyage of discovery's begun
While yet safely sheltered within the bay
What hardships cannot be o'ercome?
But, ah! as we reach the end of the bay
And launch out on the mighty deep
The time will have come to separate.
Then each frail craft of our little fleet
Must sail through life's billows alone,
Alone must fight bravely 'gainst wind and gale
And steer clear from rock and shoal.
But may each bark obey the hand
Of the helmsman and heed his beck
Whenever threatening rocks surround
That each may weather the storms of life
Of those who tonight are outward bound.

Jane Addams and Her Work

By Faye Welch

Jane Addams a woman of remarkable genius, is, though comparatively young, the leader of the Hull House settlement at Chicago. The settlement is one of the manifestations of certain ethical, spiritual and democratic beliefs, which have for many years agitated the best men and women of the United States. This settlement at Chicago, at present consists of a striking group of buildings occupying a plot of land as large as some of the smaller New York blocks.

There is the main house for residents, a building which is occupied by a club of working girls, a gymnasium with baths, given over with the exception of one floor, to a labor museum and various industrial activities. The most important of which are book-binding, spinning and weaving, pottery making, metal working and cooking. There is a small but beautiful theatre, a large restaurant, men's club room, a conservatory of music and a group of buildings with apartments and lodgings.

The real object of Hull House was to provide a center for a higher civic and social life, to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts in Chicago. It was believed that a house easily accessible, ample in space, hospitable and tolerant in spirit, situated in the midst of the large, foreign colonies which so easily isolate themselves in American cities, would be a serviceable thing for the people.

For the first five years there was no legal organization, but at the end of that time the institution was incorporated with a board of seven trustees. A person does not need to be of high class or have any special qualifications in order to become a resident, although the majority have always been college people and of high standing. The expense of the residents are defrayed by themselves under the direction of a house committee on the plan of a co-operative club.

A force of forty-four men and women are engaged in self-sustaining occupations and give their leisure time to the house. Very few salaries are paid and those only for technical services. Classes for adults have been organized. The most popular and continuous courses are in literature, language, history, mathematics and art.

Everything possible is being done at Hull House to allow the people to learn of life from life itself. Every week first-class plays are given at the theatre. The plays are usually given in English, although some are given in Greek and Latin. But another use of the theatre lies in the opportunity it presents to the foreigners of the vicinity to present plays in their native tongue and to reveal life as it presents itself to their own countrymen.

Of the many institutions established at Hull

House there are in particular three worth mentioning. The Ice and Milk Institution, Penny Savings Bank and Tuberculosis Cottage. During the summer months Hull House is used as a distributing station for ice, and a permanent station for the sale of the modified and pasteurized milk which is especially prepared for children and invalids.

The Penny Savings Bank is a branch of the Chicago Penny Savings Bank. The depositors being mostly children, receive cards upon which are satmps showing the amount of the deposit. These stamps are redeemable in money at the option of the depositor.

In line with the work which is being done in Chicago for the cure of incipient tuberculosis, is the tuberculosis cottage, which is located at South Haven. The cottage, which is leased by Hull House, is used through the summer months by various families who take possession of it for two weeks at a time. The location on the shore is delightful and permits bathing in addition to the usual country activities.

Different clubs have been organized to enable the people to mingle with one another and at the same time offers harmless amusements. The residents of Hull House are increasingly convinced of the value of dancing as a recreative pleasure to young people, thus a dancing class has been organized. The well regulated dancing parties which the class gives, not only offer a substitute to the public dancing halls, but is obviously a wholesome exercise and afford an outlet for the natural high spirits of the youth which have been repressed by the day's labor. Dancing and calisthenics, both of which have always been taught at Hull House, are almost the only forms of recreation which unite the muscular activity of a number of people in an orderly and unified social spirit. On the same basis as opportunities for serious study are offered to young people who are hungry for knowledge, so Hull House endeavors to give opportunities for healthful recreation and at the same time pleasure. The temptation of vice in the crowded quarters of the city are largely associated with the efforts of the young people to find amusements. The residents of Hull House are convinced that the love for recreative amusement is stronger than that for vicious pleasure.

In addition to what may be called the purely institutional work of the settlement is the general work of a social and public character. The one great problem at Hull House is the social problem. From the earliest years of the institution various public lectures and discussions have been given along that line. The discussions are always animated and good-natured, although every conceivable shade of social economic opinions is represented. Those who are first convinced of the necessity of social modifications are naturally those most intimately in contact with the failure of existing arrangements.

All about are men and women who have become unhappy because of their attitude toward the social order itself, toward the dreary round of uninteresting work. People are learning that a standard of social ethics is not attained by travelling the sequestered byway, but by mingling on the thronged and common road, where all must give place to one

another, and at least see the size of one another's burdens. They realize too, that social perspective and sanity of judgment come only from contact with social experience, that such contact is the surest corrective of opinions concerning effort, however humble.

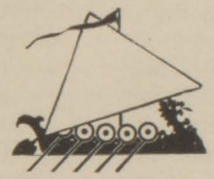
People in all walks of life are beginning to see the real value of this great work of which Jane Addams is the leader. As a leader who ever prays to be lead aright, a sociologist who is willing to test her theories in a practical way, a theorist who is not ashamed to own when she has been mistaken, a friend who will remain true no matter what may arise, and a person of leisure and power, who has the civic interest at heart, she has come to be prized as one of the chief citizens.

In late years we have learned to measure by new standards, and have ceased to accord to the money earning capacity exclusive respect, while it is still rewarded out of all proportions to any other, its possession is by no means assumed to imply the possession of the higher moral qualities.

We have learned to judge men by their social virtues, as well as by their business capacity, by their public devotion to intellectual and disinterested aims and by their public spirit, and we naturally resent being obliged to judge poor people solely upon the industrial side.

Our attention has lately been drawn to the fact that vigorous efforts in governmental reforms, as well as the most generous experiments in ministering to social needs have come from the larger cities, and that it is inevitable that they should be today "the centers of radicalism," as they have been traditionally "the cradles of liberty."

We know at last that we can only discover truth by a rational and democratic interest in life, and to give truth complete social expression is the endeavor upon which we are entering.



The Real Lincoln

By Shirley Owens

In a morbid mood the poet has said, that
"Life's but a walking shadow a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Yet in the short span of our existence we find that there are things which are infinitely worth while and that life is, after all, real. Nothing goes farther to confirm such a belief than the life and character of one who has helped greatly to establish a foundation upon which all future generations of Americans may safely stand; who has caused our existence to have more of brightness and depth. One of the two greatest Americans; one of the few greatest men of the nineteenth century; one of the greatest men in the history of the world. Such an one is Abraham Lincoln.

Biographers say that Lincoln's character is the most puzzling of all the famous men of modern history. But whether this be true or not no name on the rolls of fame stands more truly or more plainly for justice, sympathy and goodness. His humanness of nature is the least understood but the most important trait in Lincoln's character; he was the expression of his people. He was like Shakespeare in that he seemed to express every phase of human nature. This very quality which made Lincoln, as a young man, not much superior to his coarse surroundings was exactly the same quality, which, ripening and expanding rapidly with maturing years and a greater circle of humanity, made him what he was in later life and what he is to us today.

From the superstition of the ignorant backwoodsman to that profoundest faith which is the surest measure of man's greatness, he passed along the whole distance, for in his youth he had struck his roots deep down into the common soil and in his latest years his head towered and shone among the stars.

Throughout his whole life Lincoln "hewed to the line" when it came to distinguishing between right and wrong. It is this principle which gave to the Civil War a character higher than just a war of patriotism. He made it a struggle over a world principle for he extended its meaning far beyond the age and the country in which it occurred, and made it, not a war for the United States alone, but a war for ages and peoples yet to come. From this fact we are able to discern that universal love of humanity and can readily understand why he was not once blinded by rage or hatred, by narrowness or haste, but kept his heart as open to the South as to the North in that great upheaval and clash of interests and passions.

The responsibility of that strife descended, with a weight that could not be made greater, upon the shoulders of that lonely man in the White House. A solitary man, indeed, he was, in a solitude impressive and painful to think of. He had none of those unofficial counsellors, those favorites, those confidantes and friends, from whom men in high places so often seek aid, Lincoln secretively held his most important thoughts in his own mind, wrought out his conclusions by the aid of his own

brain, carried his entire burden wholly upon his own shoulders, and in every part and in every way he met the full responsibility in and by himself alone. He never sought to be sustained or comforted or encouraged in time of disaster; he never tried to shift upon others even the tiniest part of the load which rested upon himself. Steadfast in his purpose, self-sustained, facing alone all disagreeable duties, solving alone all difficult problems, and enduring alone all consequences, he appears a man so isolated from his fellow-men in the midst of such tests and trials that one is filled with a sense of awe that is beyond human sympathy.

Political unselfishness, the rarest moral quality among men in public life, is another trait which brings him closer to those who have the good of their country deep in their hearts. The purity and singleness of Lincoln's patriotism shined brilliant and luminous through that cloud-dust of political slander which characterized that period. In Lincoln's mind there was only one idea, and that was, not that he should save the country, but that the country should be saved. He wished to carry out his part faithfully, with all the ability he could bring to it, but any one else, who could, might wear the title of saviour. It was his one wish that the saving might be done.

It took four years of iron conflict, of constant repetition of the few truths which he believed essential, to teach the people of the United States they could trust him to do the saving, and it took an assassin's bullet to make them realize that his truths and his principles were the only ones that could save them. They realized how, while they had forgotten everything in disputes over men, measures and events, that he had seen only the two great objects of the struggle. They then saw how slowly, but surely he had educated them to feel the awful importance of these objects. The wisdom of his oft repeated warnings, the sincerity of his acts, the steadfastness of his life were all clear to them at last. With this realization came a feeling that he was more than a man—a prophet—a man sent by God for a special work. But the Real Lincoln is not the prophet and the martyr. Rather is he the simple, steady, resolute, unselfish man whose highest ambition was to find out the truth of the problems which confronted him and, having found it, to follow it unceasingly. He was not a prophet nor a seer and nature did not create him a saint. His power of seeing the truth was the result of tireless mental effort. His great moral courage was the result of a life-long faithfulness to his own conscience.

It is this man who never rested until he had found what he believed to be right, and who, having found it, could never be turned from it, who is the Real Lincoln. It is this Lincoln who should be the ideal of all who call themselves Americans for it is on the principles of his life that the future of our nation depends.

Lincoln paid the debt which every man owes to his country and to humanity but he paid it in such a measure that we and all successive generations are his debtors. To have thus lived and died that the world is made richer by a duty made clear, the duty of every American citizen—a cause made eloquent, the cause of humanity, is the highest destiny to which any man is called.

SHIRLEY L. OWENS.

The Inheritance of an American

By Vernon Shaver

It is impossible to treat completely every phase of development of the present century in an essay of this kind, but in a general way we are easily brought to see the extent of the wonderful inheritance of which we as Americans are receiving the benefit.

At no previous time in History have the developments of mankind shown themselves so prominently as at the present time. Things have been accomplished in all lines which have in former times seemed impossible. If we could look back into the past and see the conditions which existed at the time of our forefathers and see the conditions as they are today every one would be convinced that we are living in a wonderful age. No doubt the question has often risen in every mind, how could such great things ever have been accomplished when in former times they have seemed impossible. But if we compare the standard of mankind today with that of former times we can see that it is possible. At no time in our history has mankind reached such a stage of development as it has today. "The world has grown into a liberty, intelligence, happiness and morality unknown at any previous time. To be sure, the true golden age has not been reached. That lies, and perhaps far distant, in the future. Many evils in society, in the state and in the church need to be corrected. But the advancement during the present century has been marvelously rapid."

If we think of the wonderful improvement in the mechanic arts, we can recognize this century as an age of invention. Within the last three decades more numerous and more important inventions have been brought out than in any preceding century. Think of the wonders accomplished by steam and electricity. They have supplied a new motive power, accelerated travel, and built up inland towns and cities. Many a man is now living who has seen the entire system of manufacturing, travel, agriculture and transmission of intelligence, completely revolutionized, seeing more than if he had lived in some age of the world a thousand years.

This is an age of educational advancement. Schools of every class are being multiplied, education is brought within the reach of common people, and now in many countries compulsory attendance is enforced. The method of instruction more nearly conforms to nature's method of dealing with the child, and the subjects of study are designed to fit the pupil for the duties of life. In higher education the change is also remarkable. Subjects of practical importance are being taught in these higher schools which thoroughly prepare the students for the duties of practical life. Education is brought into closer relation with practical life. Intelligence was never so generally diffused. The press exerts an immense influence. The news from all parts of the world is published and the leading political, social, scientific and religious questions of the time are daily discussed by thousands of papers and magazines and read by a far greater per cent of the world's people than ever before. Thus the field of thought is greatly broadened for the masses.

This is also a time of political advancement. The democratic principles announced and defended in

America and France at the close of the nineteenth century have been more widely diffused. It is now recognized that governments exist not for sovereigns or favored classes but for the people. The right of suffrage has been greatly extended and the science of government is understood more fully today than at any time in the past. The public administration has become purer. If bribery and dishonesty exist, these evils are much less frequent than ever before, because the man in public office is held before the bar of public opinion and must keep his record clean or give place to one who will.

The religious advancement of the present century is worthy of our notice. Christian doctrines have felt the touch of a broadened culture and a scientific spirit. The emphasis of religious teachings is now centered upon fundamental truths, as we now can understand more clearly the nature and works of God. Piety in the daily life is considered of more importance than the acceptance of elaborate creeds. Christ has become the ideal of the world. The principles of religion pervade every department of life. Christian churches are multiplied, religious literature is widely extended and the Bible is more carefully studied than ever before, and the general tendency is toward Christian unity. The Evangelical Alliances and Young Men's Christian Association are two of the practical manifestations of the general desire for closer union among Christian people. The church is active in missionary work as never before and its foremost work is to relieve the unfortunate and reclaim the lost. It seeks to bring about a purer spirit in the settlement of the great social and political problems of the day.

This age is one of social advancement. The agitation of social questions makes us see there are existing evils. However, much may be lacking in comparison with an ideal condition but great improvements are being accomplished. The great changes which have taken place within the last century have had their effects upon society. By a modern study of people and conditions we can look forward to the betterment of mankind. It is a fundamental law of nature that every form of life, whether vegetable or animal, must adapt itself to its environments. Many mechanics have lost their positions and manufacturers have been driven into bankruptcy, because they could not adapt themselves to the new conditions which prevail today. The process of readjustment has been one of experiment. For it is not wise today to follow the methods of our forefathers. Our country is realizing the responsibilities that lie before her in society and is putting forth every effort possible for the betterment of society.

The scientific development of our time is probably more marked than any of those already mentioned and our country stands well to the front. We are in the midst of scientific inquiry. Careful and patient toilers are delving into the hidden things and constantly revealing to us things of which we never dreamed. We, as students, are able to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of the world about us than were the greatest sages of antiquity. We enjoy the many modern conveniences and comforts and, forgetful of the immense amount of careful experiments and unremitting toil by which these things have been made possible, we do not appreciate them as we should. It has been my endeavor throughout this paper to make the great reforms and inventions of our time together with their authors stand out so that we might appreciate them more fully.

Every one should be proud of the age in which we live for it stands forth for the betterment of mankind and we, as Americans, appreciate its inheritance which we have received from those who have gone before and we in turn should set a like example for those who are to follow us.

VERNON SHAVER.

Lewis Cass

By Norman Ellar

One hundred and thirty-three years have passed since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and forty-four years since the closing of the Civil War. In the interval of American history between these two most important events Michigan gave to the nation a man who stood the peer of the greatest men of a time that is noted in our history for its statesmen; a man who left his name and the evidence of his life work in many places in our fair state. This man was no other than Lewis Cass. Many of our people seem to know little of his life, his work, and his greatness. Such men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln have been our heroes. Their greatness, their sayings, their doings have been our examples. In our patriotic zeal we have certainly failed to give proper credit to one of our greatest men; one who founded our homes, braved Indian dangers and British aggression and tyranny that our state might be; one who laid a foundation so strong that he could see Michigan as one of the brightest stars in the greatest galaxy of states that his prophetic vision told him America was destined to be. Such a man the sons and daughters of Michigan should delight to know and honor as long as the sun and moon shall shine.

Lewis Cass was born at Exeter in 1782. His father, Jonathan Cass, was a bold, restless, energetic, and patriotic man. Lewis inherited all these characteristics. He was sent to school and after graduation to the Academy. He thought he would like teaching but two years' experience changed his mind. By this time he had heard so much of the opportunities offered in the West that he decided to try his fortune there and at the age of seventeen set out with his baggage strapped to his back and settled at Marietta, Ohio. The next year his father came to Marietta and at once took up forty land warrants of one hundred acres each and began to clear the same for settlement. Meanwhile Lewis had secured work in a law office but in spare time he helped his father who soon had cleared quite a piece of land and built a comfortable home. Lewis studied hard in the law office and when he was only twenty was admitted to the bar, being the first to obtain a license under the new state Constitution. Two years more and we see him Prosecuting Attorney of Muskingham County and two years later he is elected to the state legislature which position he filled well although he was ineligible being under the required age. While serving his district in the state legislature he promulgated and had passed a law that would punish such conspirators as Aaron Burr. President Jefferson had a watchful eye on Cass on account of his activity in his duties and interest in the national government and in 1807 he appointed him United States Marshal of Ohio. Cass held this of-

fice until the beginning of the war when he was appointed a Colonel of one of the three Ohio regiments which moved at once to Detroit.

Arriving in Detroit July 5th they found a French-American village of quaint aspect, a piece of old France partly inoculated with Americanism. About five thousand people inhabited Michigan, one thousand of these living in Detroit proper. The farms all faced the rivers. The lakes and rivers afforded the best means of travel and in fact the only means of travel save the pony-cart method used by the natives in the winter. The Indians lived in the forests and were a menace to the safety of the Americans. They were bought by the British to do their will and wish with petty gifts which the Indians often traded for the Yankee's firewater. Such were the conditions which Cass faced when he arrived in Detroit with his troops, and with characteristic energy he set to work to improve them.

After the fort at Detroit had been repaired steps were taken to cross the river and when they crossed, Cass was the first to set foot on Canadian soil and likewise the first to command in a victorious conflict which victory gave him a world wide fame. A little later his superior officer, the infamous Hull, surrendered not only Detroit but all Michigan and this so enraged our valiant hero that he broke his sword rather than surrender it.

The next year Cass was appointed Governor of Michigan Territory. His life had been so spent that he was well fitted to take charge of affairs. His work was of enormous value and the results of his labors were far reaching and at that time could not be estimated. In the eighteen years of his administration he piloted Michigan from a weak, miserable group of helpless people to a self-governing territory cherishing already the idea of statehood.

In 1831 President Jackson appointed Cass Secretary of the Navy. Under his judicious management the Secession movement of South Carolina, the trouble with the Black Haw Indians and the removal of the Seminole Indians took place and were quietly settled. Only on one question do we find Secretary and President clashing and then not seriously. The question of the National Bank which caused much national comment was not approved of by Cass. Cass did not wish to oppose the President so he asked to be allowed to resign but Jackson asked him to stay saying that he himself would take all the blame on his own shoulders. Finally Cass was compelled to resign on account of ill health. His resignation was accepted by Jackson who at once appointed him Minister to France with an allowance of six months for recreation. In 1836 Cass set sail for France and after his pleasure trip through the Oriental countries came back to France and took up his duties as Minister.

In the fulfillment of his duties he came into close contact with Louis, King of France. After a three years' stay in which time he had made a lasting friend in Louis he wrote and published "France, its King, Court, and Government." During the next year he found opportunity to act in the interest of his own United States. Delegates from Russia, Prussia, Austria, France and England had met in England to form an alliance against

slavery in the United States. Cass at once wrote a paper to the world defending his country and then he sent a protest to France against her entering the alliance as a result of which France withdrew. In 1842 Cass returned home and was at once recognized by the Democratic party as a leader and sent to the United States Senate. The next year we find him in a controversy with Daniel Webster over the Ashburton Treaty which Cass claimed made no amends for and put no stop to English boats searching ours for deserters. The controversy finally closed with Lewis Cass as champion. Cass was continually before the public and in 1848 achieved that for which all our statesmen strive—the nomination of his party for the presidency. Michigan might have furnished a president but for the fact that the Mexican war had given General Taylor such a popularity that he was swept into office regardless of his unfitness. Cass was a cheerful loser and with renewed vigor he set about his work. He was strongly in favor of the fifty-four-forty or fight bill and after due consideration he placed himself in favor of the Compromise of 1850.

In March 1857 Cass accepted Secretary of State under President Buchanan. An English boat had stopped one of our ships and searched her for deserters not far from Florida waters. Cass demanded atonement for the wrong and England at last yielded. Toward the last of the term he differed with the President as to arming the South and rather than coming to words he resigned, retiring to his Michigan home.

While Lewis Cass possibly should not be ranked with Washington or Lincoln or Hamilton, yet he was truly a great American statesman, doing more than any other man toward building up this important section of our country in consequence of which he is known as "The Father of the West." He was not an orator in the sense that Clay and Webster were orators, but he crushed his opponents by the dead weight of unanswerable arguments. He stood with Clay and Webster for the upholding of the Union and the Constitution. His broad love of country and pride in her greatness lifted her from colonialism to National dignity, and imbued the people with a sense of their power. Cass was entirely free from political and financial corruption and was strictly honest both in private and public life than which a higher tribute could not be paid to any statesman of any country or any time.

NORMAN H. ELLAR.

Class History

By Clara Cooper

We, as Seniors, have finally by diligence in study and persevering effort reached the summit of the ladder which has stood unbroken through our long journey and it is with a feeling of pride that we, tonight, look back upon the day when we entered school. We bless that day for its creation, that day when our carefree untrained minds were set to work with the first rays of knowledge.

Our class entered school in the fall of 1896 and consisted of nine pupils, Olive Goheen, Faye Welch, Norman Ellar, Mina Montney, Will Lane, Ula Stuart, Craig Adams, Stuart Menzies and myself. Our first day at school—that event to which we had so long looked forward was no longer our day dream but had become a reality. How proudly we hurried, slate under arm, to the school-room door and peeking in, one at a time, we saw our teacher, Miss Roy, smiling pleasantly at us and warmly welcoming us to her desk. No coaxing was necessary to get us to come for we were anxious to tell our names and ages. Then, to our dismay, we were given seats among strangers somewhat older than ourselves but in a few days our neighbors were strangers no longer.

We remember how our mothers and friends used to say "You must love your teacher," but one could not help but love her for she had a way of patting you on the head so that the patting reached clear through to your heart and made you sure that she was pleased with your first efforts. The little acts which we did for her could never repay the kindly interest she has shown in us. Shall we ever forget that morning when Miss Roy told us we were promoted to the second grade? How proud we felt!

Our new teacher was Miss Hayes and, entering her room, we received the same warm welcome as Miss Roy had given us the morning we came to her. By this time, we had learned to spell fairly well and it was, with a vision of future triumph that we looked forward to each Friday afternoon when all took part in the spelling-match. Like all other children, we were very mischievous, and our imaginations cunningly suggested a thousand things to be done and then we trained our will and mind in the effort to do them. It was during those days that the boys delighted in making tie-straps of the girls apron strings and lines of their long braids of hair. If one were caught tantalizing any of the fair sex in this manner, he was either sent out in the hall or made to stand in the corner.

Then came the time when we were to leave our little old school-room and enter the third grade. Who could have felt prouder than we for we were going to the same school where so many pupils larger than ourselves attended? How small we felt as we entered the room which was so much more beautiful than our old one but Miss Baxter, our teacher, lessened our embarassment by showing us seats from which we could take our choice. The Reader which we studied contained many beautiful poems, the most important one was the "Rivulet" which we committed to memory. In it, beauty after beauty now reveals itself but then, we considered it one of the hardest tasks to memorize it. To make our teacher angry, we persisted in that deplorable habit, gum-chewing, but it became very tiresome when we were asked to sit and chew away on a week's savings for half an hour. If we whispered, we were called to the desk and told to sit

upon the rostrum, but worst of all, we dreaded being shut up in the cupboard.

When we entered the fourth grade, we were again seated in a new room and Miss Evans was our teacher. This year, Geography, an entirely new subject was introduced and indeed it proved very interesting. For the next four years Miss McKenzie had charge of our work and one could not help but succeed under her guidance. Miss Skentlebury had our Grammar and Geography classes in the sixth grade and this brought us nearer high school life as Miss Skentlebury was the principal and many times we recited in the high room. We enjoyed our Grammar class for our teacher had us close our eyes while she read poems to us and afterwards, we were to describe the pictures which they formed in our minds.

It was the fall that our school house was remodeled that we became eighth graders and our grade was placed over Mr. Staley's drug store. The temptation to whisper was great as the room was small and the desks were placed very near each other. In one corner there was a little sheet-iron stove which now and then would send out a puff of smoke and often we were glad that it did as it meant a holiday for us when a hard or unprepared lesson was forthcoming.

About April our school-building was completed and we were proud to be the pupils of the grammar room which was so artistically decorated. Our surroundings had been made so beautiful that we enjoyed studying rather than despising it as we had in the close, dingy room which we had left.

One Monday morning as three of us girls opened the school room door there, with his back turned toward us sat a stranger in one of the front seats gazing with admiring eyes upon the pictures on the wall. One of the girls said, "Say, who can he be, I wonder if he will be in our class?" Then Olive remarked, "I really believe he's a German, just look at his pretty flaxen hair and isn't he short though?" This person was no other than Vernon Shaver who had that day come from his home at Blaine. Our curiosity was somewhat lessened when our history class was called for, to be sure, he arose with us and before we had passed through the hall we all had learned his name. Miss Hickox, one of the high room teachers, had charge of our history class and how could we feel otherwise than proud for being again brought in close touch with high school life?

For our eighth grade graduating exercises, we gave the play entitled, "The Cricket on the Hearth." It was the first work of its kind that we had ever attempted and after several weeks of practice, which we very much enjoyed, our play was ready to be given at the proper time in June. We felt that it was a success and were pleased to see the people of our home town so interested in our work.

When September came again it found the same old veterans wending their way to school for a high school course seemed to us something worth striving for, our aims, our anticipations led us out to seek something higher, nobler than we had yet received. Entering high school—that awe-inspiring place! Yes, it did seem awe-inspiring as we stepped into that spacious room and looked into so many faces. The teachers, Mr. Kellogg, Miss Roper, and Miss Hickox were at the desk and, of course, were the center of attraction as each one was forming his ideas as to whether the teacher with the light hair would be kind or the one with the dark hair cranky, but we decided to think kindly of them for we had yet to make their acquaintances. Before the day had passed, we found that there was an addition to our class as Ethel Martin, Pearl Smith, Grace Danielson and Mabelle Phillips had classified as "Freshies." Indeed, we did not like the idea of having one of the pupils perhaps a Sophomore or Junior give us a slap on the back and say, "Hurrah for the Freshies!"

During the year, the girls of our class organized into a club called the Minerva Club with Miss Roper, our principal, as instructor and leader. This club was organized for the purpose of giving each member a keener conception and better understanding of the literary works of some of our English authors. We enjoyed the meetings very much as they were not only literary but social gatherings. Toward the end of the year, Miss Roper was taken ill and died and Miss Parent took her place but we missed our loving and willing instructor so much in our work.

At the beginning of our Sophomore year, our teachers were Mr. Wheaton, Miss Orr and Miss Hastings but near the last of the year, Miss Hastings resigned and Miss Livingston became our language teacher. How pleased we were to hear one morning that the stranger, Sadie Houghton, who came so timidly into the room and took the nearest seat had classified with us! We, at once, suggested that she be taken into our Minerva Club and what fun we anticipated when the initiating time would come!

Then came our Junior year when another pupil, Shirley Owens, was added to our class but he was not a stranger to many of us as we had often seen his face in the school room. In the past, he had been a great help to us in practicing college yells, and in the organization of a football team and we, as a class, were glad to have him one of our number. As is natural, we Juniors soon acquired an independent feeling and felt worthy of some of the overplus of attention that was given the Seniors. No one except those who have been in our class meetings can ever know of the fun we enjoyed. Such excitement! Here freedom of speech was never prohibited for after the day's diligent study we could not resist giving some of our time to recreation.

The saddest incident of all our school days was the death of one of our class, Mina Montney, which occurred a year ago last January. She was one of those who brought life and sunshine into the class and growing up with us since childhood days we had become so attached to her that her death has left unabated sorrow in our hearts.

Our teachers this year were Mr. Drouyor, Miss Brotherton and Miss Livingston. As was customary, we entertained the Seniors toward the end of the year and Miss Merrill's room was prettily decorated in the class colors for this occasion. The toasts given by Mr. Drouyor, Miss Ware and members from the Junior and Senior classes were very good and very much enjoyed by all. Even though the evening was enjoyably spent, we could not repress a feeling of sorrow at seeing our schoolmates leaving us.

Thus, we have reached our Senior year with a class roll larger than there has been for a number of years, eight girls and three boys. We have found that education does not consist in mastering languages, but is found in that moral training which extends beyond the school-room to the playground and the street, and which teaches that a more dishonorable thing can be done than to fail in recitation. Our education did not commence with the alphabet alone but with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones to nature, to beauty, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good. To those who may be here tonight who have been with us and have left school, we wish to say we have missed you. May the work which you are now engaged in fit you for life's duties as ours has done for us. Tonight the history of the school-life of our class closes, but we regret passing from under the guidance of our teachers and we sincerely hope that the future classes of our excellent school will have and enjoy as pleasant a school life as we.

CLARA COOPER.

An Uncrowned Queen

By Sadie Houghton

Queens are sometimes distinguished from those of the common rank by the jeweled crowns they wear. Other queens there are whose brows never felt the pressure of a diadem but whose right to the title inheres in the truest, bluest blood of noble womanhood.

Such a queen was Francis Willard. God had planned her life for a noble work and so surrounded the years of youth with the best environment for forming a pure, beautiful character, a free healthy intercourse with, and an adoration of all nature.

Such a queen was Frances Willard. God had far West; Frances surrounded by a pure religious influence developed into a free unrestrained child, capable and ingenious always. But the news that came to her from the outer world made her sometimes impatient of her shut-in life and caused her to wonder "if she would ever know about anything or go anywhere." When eighteen years old she declared, "I am of age, I am now to obey God's law alone." About this time because of her distaste of all household tasks she was sent to a college for women at Milwaukee where she studied with great diligence and gained the admiration of all her teachers and the pupils. But a school at Evanston offered better advantages and the next year Frances and her sister were sent there to finish their education. Frances Willard became leader of the wildest set in college but she made rapid strides in all her work and although she was a great care to her teachers she was the pride of every instructor in the college.

To those most interested during her college life the attitude of Frances Willard towards religion was forboding for she showed a decided dislike for that subject. Yet she never scoffed at another's piety. The reply given to a beloved teacher who urged her to become a christian was characteristic, "If I were to pray I could only say, Oh God, if there is a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." But before the Spring of that year she announced her belief in an Almighty Father. When on what was believed to be her death bed she called her mother and said, "Mother, I wish to tell you if God lets me get well I'll try and be a Christian girl." That summer in a morning service without any demonstration Frances went to the altar and then as hundreds in the church turned to each other with surprise and joy someone began to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and well they might return praise for she was to bring great blessings to all humanity.

Not knowing that she was going to be called to world-wide mission she climbed step by step to the highest round. Miss Willard began her career as teacher in a little country school and followed the vocation until she held the desired position as Preceptress of a Seminary in New York. During

these years something seemed to urge her to write and while she wrote the memoir of her sister Mary entitled, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," there was always somthing she wanted to say that would never come to her lips or to the point of her pen. She said in her diary, "I see it in every phrase of Nature and still I can never express it."

During her travels abroad the injustice visited upon women appealed to her as a subject worthy of much thought and work and accordingly collected material preparatory to a series of lectures on Unenlightened Public Opinion.

Back in America the women of Hillsboro, Ohio, had banded themselves together in an effort to exterminate the sale to their loved ones of intoxicating drinks and they had been so successful that the saloons in the towns were closed. The crusade swept "like a whirlwind of the Lord" through the country, and mothers, wives and sisters joined in the work. About two hundred towns were freed when news of the work came to Frances Willard, who had returned from abroad and was then dean of Northwestern University. In order to satisfy the irresistible longing to know more of the crusades she made a trip East. It required only a limited study of the conditions produced by the liquor traffic to awaken her latent desire to help make the world better in a resistless flame and the field of Temperance opened broadly. At this time two paths were open, one that of Principal of an elegant ladies' school near New York and one as president of the little band of temperance reformers. But without question she chose the latter saying, "I am going to pray, to work and to trust God," and selecting for her motto, "For God and Home and Native Land," she went to work without recompence except what was dropped into the collection box at an evening's address. So Frances Willard often went hungry for want of money to buy food and walked long distances because she had not five cents to pay car fare. Not until after a severe illness brought about by these hardships did she allow any compensation to be given her. At a meeting in Cleveland held for the purpose of organizing a National Women's Temperance Union she was elected treasurer at one hundred dollars a month. The field of labor widened. Traveling through the cities of northern and eastern states organizing local Women's Temperance Unions she constantly grew in favor and in eighteen hundred and seventy-nine Miss Willard was elected president of the league, thus being put in the place of highest honor by the most devoted Women's Club ever organized. Carrying on the work of reform she saw that it was closely allied with that of women suffrage and that a woman's ballot would be a weapon of defense to her home and loved ones against the tyranny of drink. The Union resented this saying they did not wish "to trail their skirts through the mire of politics," but by masterful arguments and womanly gentleness Miss Willard won their support so that as a national organization it declared itself in favor of a ballot for women. She saw clearly that all reforms must center in the ballot box before it can be crystallized into law. With this in mind all the political parties were visited and the condition placed before them—that they should declare in favor of a national amendment

to the Constitution for the prohibition of the liquor traffic—at the political meetings visited the men as a rule were in favor of Temperance personally but not as a part of their party platform. Of all the parties the Prohibition Party favor it and favored it mightily. As a result those who did not understand her motives said unkind words against her but Miss Willard's motto throughout was "Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely avenged; Slight it and the work is begun; forget it and 'tis finished."

Frances Willard's great ability and vitality were devoted for years to lectures and her purpose to visit every town of ten thousand inhabitants in the United States was accomplished. Remembering the sufferings of the women of the Old World she succeeded in organizing a World's Christian Temperance Union. On visiting England she was welcomed with such homage as few men and fewer women ever receive.

Since the day she had begun her mission the Temperance Crusades had come and gone leaving in their place "a sober second thought," a world-wide organization of women the plan of which included every branch of reform work. And chief among the laborers in the years of tireless prayerful work was Frances Willard. But it was not God's plan that she should live and the immortal soul of Frances E. Willard passed to everlasting life and the Uncrowned Queen received from her father, King of all the Universe, her crown of glory.

She needed no coronet of glittering diamonds, no herald with shouting trumpet to proclaim that she was in fact what she had come to be called, "An Uncrowned Queen."

SADIE HOUGHTON.



Class Prophecy

By Grace Danielson

It was in the year 1930, and the summer was hastening to its close. I picked up my Philadelphia News one bright starry evening before I went on my usual walk, and as I glanced over the page devoted entirely to the stage, whose face should I behold but that of my dear old schoolmate, Olive Goheen. I knew not what to do I was so overcome with delight to think that Olive had attained the height of her ambition. I read, "Beginning December 5 Miss Olive Goheen, the greatest American actress on the stage will star in the title-roll of the great emotional drama "The Girl from Yale" at the Colonial Theatre." I thought I could never miss it, but ah, I was now a member of Congress and doomed to stay at my post. Finally I arranged to be absent from Washington for two days at the beginning of the session.

But there was so much to do getting ready. First I must have a new gown, and those not having experience never know how hard it is to have clothes made in Washington. So one afternoon I boarded the train which ran down to Baltimore in order to engage a competent designer to make my dress. I stepped from the car and walked into one of the largest department stores of the city, to inquire about one of the best seamstresses of that place. They gave me a street number and I went immediately to the address given. I arranged to have my gown made, and when ready to leave was handed a card of the designer. Before placing the card in my purse I glanced at the name upon it and what should it be but Madame C. Cooper. It was very natural that I did not recognize her at first for I had not seen Clara since I left school, and in that space of time she had grown considerably, weighing now, I should judge one hundred eighty-five pounds. I did not have much time to talk with her, but we decided to go to Philadelphia together December 4.

I went back to my work in Washington, but corresponded with Clara in the meantime, making further preparations for our journey.

Everything went along smoothly, and on the morning of December 4, Madame Cooper and myself started out together for Philadelphia to see the great hit of the season. Our journey did not seem long however, for Clara was telling me what she had heard about some of the members of our old Senior Class. "I had a letter from Norman Ellar's mother the other day," she remarked, "and Mrs. Ellar said that Norman had just been offered a splendid position as engineer on a peanut roaster. She was also telling me about a fire they had in Yale about a week ago, and how Mabel Phillips ran down the street with her coat over one arm and her hair pins flying in every direction." "But why was she running like that?" I asked. "Why she's a news reporter for the Port Huron Times," answered Madame Cooper, "and was afraid she might miss something if she wasn't the first at the scene of action."

There was great excitement as well as surprise when we stepped upon the platform and caught sight of Shirley Owens. We walked up to him and tapped him on the shoulder. As he raised his hat I noticed how bare his head had become in the course of the past few years. "May I take liberty to ask with what you have been busying yourself these twenty years back?" "Certainly" retorted Shirley, "I have been writing for a living, but only

after a fashion of course." "And have you made your headquarters here? "Oh, no, he replied, "I just came here to see one of my plays given. You know Olive stars tomorrow night, in what I consider my best work." "Can that be possible," I asked, "I had not noticed who was the writer of the play."

Shirley called a cab for Madame Cooper and me, and sent us to the hotel, which we were very glad, indeed, to reach, as we had become quite fatigued from our day's travel.

The next night the play was to be given, and we lost no time securing a box for we knew the boxes would be in great demand on following day.

At last the night came, and Madame Cooper and I went to the opera house dressed in our very best. How we were held in suspense as we watched the stage waiting for Olive to appear. At last when she stepped forth in all the splendor and beauty of a fresh June rose bud, every fibre of my being was thrilled to its utmost?

Did I know her? Ah, yes! But a thousand times more beautiful she had grown since I last saw her. How well she played her part, and everyone in the house was enraptured as she spoke in a rich mellow voice.

When the curtain was lowered at the end of the act Madame Cooper whispered to me, and asked if I recognized someone in the opposite box. I looked across, but I did not notice anyone I remembered ever seeing before. "I don't see anyone I know." I exclaimed, "But doesn't that lady across from us look like Sadie Houghton?" "I believe it does," I answered. "When I go back to the hotel I will look for her name in the register." "Perhaps her name won't be Sadie Houghton now," was the reply, "it might be Mrs. Somebody by this time." "But I thought there would be no harm looking in the register anyway, so when I went back to the hotel I went over the list of names, when sure enough, Sadie Houghton was written there in the book in that small back hand, which was such a complete sentence.

I found the number of her room, and went immediately to see if she were there. I was admitted, and found Sadie as entertaining as when we went to school together. As we sat talking I noticed a red cross on the corner of her suit case. I asked "Does that cross belong to you?" "Yes," replied Sadie, "you know I have been studying for the past four years in New York, at Bell View hospital."

I knew it had always been Sadie's eager desire to become a nurse, but never expected her to go so far away from home, as she was always such a baby, and got so homesick.

"Have you been back to Yale lately?" I inquired. "Well," she replied, "I was in Yale two years ago, if you wish to call that lately. And do you know I saw two members of our old Senior Class. I was going out to our old farm one day, and as I was driving along I saw a man and woman coming toward Yale in a lumber wagon. As the wagon came nearer I recognized Faye. I stopped and talked for a few minutes, and two flaxen haired boys stood up from the back of the wagon and asked, "Ma, who is that?" Faye told them to sit down, and then remarked, "Ralph we will have to be going on, because this butter will be all melted before we get to town." And they rode on toward Yale.

"And who was the other member of the class you saw?" "I was never so taken back in my life," Sadie answered, "as when I went into what used to be Mr. Nimms' bakery. I saw them eating ice cream and thought I would venture in and purchase a dish as the day was exceedingly hot. And what do you suppose? A man almost as broad as long came to take my order. After I went from the ice cream parlor I inquired who the gentleman was that kept the bakery." They said, "why Vern Shaver is manager there now. He has been in there for the past six years." "But I always

thought Vernon intended to be a druggist," I remarked. "Yes," said Sadie, "He did start up business in a drug store but they voted local option in St. Clair County so he was compelled to take up another vocation as he couldn't make ends meet. But I heard he was going to retire soon as he had a fortune left him by a rich aunt."

"But say, you didn't see anything of Pearl Smith did you?" "No," she replied, "but I heard she had been married by proxy and had gone to Africa to meet that missionary with whom she was corresponding when we left school." "Well, I never thought that of Pearl."

"But what do you think?" Sadie asked. "Three weeks ago I had a letter from Ethel Martin. She said she had taken up a claim out in Alberta about four years ago and was getting along splendidly. In some round about way she got my address and wrote that she expected to see me at New York in about three weeks, as she was going to cross the ocean on her honeymoon. She didn't mention the lucky man's name, but I hope it is somebody worthy of her, as Ethel was always such a sweet dispositioned girl."

Sadie and I talked on and on until at last it seemed as if I really must retire. But I thought I would first go to Madame Cooper's room and relate the great things which I had heard in the past hour. I hadn't said anything to Sadie about Madame Cooper being in the hotel for I thought I would let her surprise Sadie the same as I.

I was just about to enter the Madame's room when I heard—"Grace! Grace! It's time to get up, it's nearly eleven o'clock." I began to rub my eyes, and at last came to my senses enough to know it was the next morning after commencement.



Valedictory

By Pearl Smith

We have come before you tonight to publicly bid farewell to our teachers, schoolmates and patrons with whom we have been closely associated. We have come to the place where we must bid goodbye to each other and those connected with our school work. Though filled with a feeling of triumph and satisfaction at having successfully completed our High School course we cannot help regretting that our happy school days here are at an end. We are soon to launch forth into a greater ocean of activity than is contained within the four walls of the schoolroom. For some this year may mark the end of their school days and they will ever look back upon this Class Day as a day full of pleasant memories. On the other hand some will penetrate still farther into the realms of learning. But they too will ever review their school days which they soon will have left behind, as filled with the most pleasant recollections of their boyhood and girlhood.

In looking back over our school life we shall think only of the joyous and happy part and leave our struggles and trials in the background. During these four years we have looked forward to the day when we would graduate. The more distant it was the more enchanting it seemed. But as it is drawing near it loses some of its charms and we are sorry to break up the associations which we have formed, to leave perhaps forever the schoolroom in which so many happy days have been spent. For we never again can go through exactly the same experiences, amid the same scenes, and with the same people.

But on this Class Day, our hearts are not all filled with sorrow but with a feeling of hope for the future. We are about to journey separately through life. We are "outward bound." We are going out of the harbor on to the ocean. For four years we have been sheltered from the storms and waves of the great ocean within the safe harbor of the schoolroom and with our teachers as helmsmen. But now we have taken up our anchor and are about to proceed farther upon the waters of life. The great ocean lies before us. Now we must traverse it. For some their voyage through life will be calm and placid as the waters of the sea on a mild summer's day. Others may be beset with gales and be tempest-tossed and oft may come near destruction upon the unknown rocks. We hope that they may avoid all such misfortunes as Aenaeus of old on his ever memorable voyage to Rome avoided the Harpies, Charybdis and other mythical terrors of the shores of the Mediterranean. These are myths of the past. But now with all the freedom and independence of the Yankee, with all the new and wonderful appliances in the mechanical world, and with all the opportunities for higher education and training for life, none of us need pass through the hardships of the voyagers of years ago in their poorly built, clumsily handled vessels. A few months ago wireless telegraphy was the means of saving a ship and many lives. Now it is almost impossible for a ship to be sunk and lives of boys and girls of today, surrounded as they are by a beautiful land of abundance and the training for manly men and womanly women, can hardly be destroyed on the great ocean of life.

Among those who have helped to prepare us for this great voyage and have made us more capable of coping with the outside world, we are indebted

to our kind and helpful teachers who have helped us over difficult places by their patience and perseverance. They have spent their time in earnest work for the welfare of the school. They have trained us not alone in the so-called book-learning but have inspired us to nobler ideals and have made us strong in character as well as in mind.

We thank the school board for adding books to the library, purchasing apparatus to help us in our science, and making our rooms as pleasant and homelike as possible. The people of the city have appreciated our efforts in giving plays and publishing "The Senior." To them we extend hearty thanks for their patronage.

But now as we are leaving, the class of 1910 will step into our place. Juniors, you must not think that your hard work and diligence in a measure decreases when you enter your Senior year. For on the contrary you will find that your path during that year, like previous years, is not entirely strewn with roses but also has its thorns. Yet the world in glowing colors will appear before your eyes and you will experience the same feeling of pride which we have felt by being on the home stretch of your High School course. And we, the class of '09, who are now leaving, wish you success in every way and hope that the experiences of this class may smooth out your pathway and aid you in the work of your Senior year. While each member of this class is travelling on his separate journey through life, you must not think that you are never in our thoughts. For I doubt not but that every one in this class will often think of the Juniors and have a kindly interest in the welfare of the class with which we have been the most closely associated in High School.

Classmates, we are about to separate. We look hopefully to see what the future will bring. Yet the past four years will hold a sacred spot in our memories and when we are wrinkled and grayhaired, when the voyage of life is drawing to an end, when we are looking backward over our life instead of forward, we will love to think and dream of the happy days spent in the Yale High School.

Dear teachers, schoolmates and people of Yale, in behalf of my class mates, I thank you heartily for this epoch of happiness in our youth as well as the training given us to better enjoy our future. "Every day Fortune's changes are breaking up many a happy group and scattering them far and wide," and we cannot hope to escape the common lot. The things of the past can never be the same again "for the tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back to us" and we look forward with anticipation.

Without doubt each member of the class will do his best hereafter to fill with pride the hearts of the people who, both directly and indirectly, have helped him while here. With these feelings in our hearts and with a last glance at the now closing period of school life, we bid you Farewell.

PEARL SMITH.



Our Janitor



James Loree

Among the many faces shown on the pages of this book none will remain longer in our memory than that of our cheerful janitor, James Loree. By his kindness to the students and efficiency in his work he has won the respect of all. It is hoped by the Senior Class of 1909 that his health may be such that his services will be continued for many years to come.

Athletics

Foot Ball---1908

The 1908 foot ball team was the first all high school team turned out in a number of years. Although the team did not win a game some very good material was developed for next fall. The lineup was as follows:

Left end—Sheehy.
Left tackle—Parkinson.
Left guard—Holden.
Center—Ellar.
Right guard—Hallead.
Right tackle—Johnson.
Right end—Allen.
Quarter back—Burt.
Left half back—Campbell.
Right half back—Bradshaw.
Full back—Blackford, (captain).

Foot Ball Schedule.

Yale 0, Marlette 20.
Yale 0, Brown City 6.
Yale 0, Marlette 10.
Yale 6, Sandusky 10.

Base Ball---1909

Manager—Tom Parkinson.
Captain—George Blackford.
Pitcher—Shaver and Johnson.
Catcher—Allen.
First base—Blackford.
Second base—Somers.
Short stop—Sponenburgh.
Third base—C. Hallead.
Left field—Johnson and Shaver.
Center field—P. Hallead.
Right field—Holden and Hartwig.

The 1909 base ball season opened at the City Park on Saturday, April 10. Yale defeated Brown City High in a very decisive manner. Shaver allowed only one hit.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.	H.	E.
Yale	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	0—7	8	5
Brown City	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1	1	6

Batteries—Shaver and Allen; Beckett and Holden.

The next game was with Capac and resulted in another victory. Johnson, a southpaw, proved himself a "comer" in this game. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.	H.	E.
Yale	0	1	0	2	1	2	0	1	0—7	4	7
Capac	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—5	6	4

Batteries—Johnson, Shaver and Allen; Curtis and Knoll.

The remainder of the schedule is as follows:
April 28, Memphis at Memphis.
May 1, Brown City at Brown City.
May 6, Memphis at Yale.
May 14, Capac at Capac.
May 22, Marlette at Marlette.
May 29, North Branch at Yale.
June 5, open.
June 12, Marlette at Yale.



Base Ball Team



Foot Ball Team

Wise and Otherwise

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."---Shakespeare

Prof. Drouyor—"Before I begin to speak I have a few words to say."

The Juniors add a contribution
To the proof of evolution.
When first these halls they did illumine,
One would think that they were human,
But in their present Junior day
They can but wag their ears and bray.

We wonder why Tom Parkinson is so confident that every girl in High School wears a rat in her hair.

Did you catch that?

Senior boys—too little to be of much account.

Teacher—"What becomes of all the bugs in winter?"
Student—"Search me."

I wonder what Mr. D. did with that cent he got for paying compliments to the Senior girls.

One day in plowin' time old farmer "Owens" was out turnin' over the "Sod" when all at once he ran into a "martin's" nest by an old stump. He called to "Daniel's son" to help him catch her. When it was caught he sent the little "Shaver" to the "Smiths" for something to "Coop 'er" up with. "Owens was so elated over his prize that he called in his neighbors to rejoice with him. A light lunch of "Welch" rabbit and "Olives" was soon prepared. He called upon Deacon "Ellar" to say "Grace" after which all proceeded to "Phill up."

Senior girl—"Oh, I just saw my ideal."
Senior boy—"Where, who was it?"
Senior girl—(in disgust) "Why, I mean an Easter hat!"

Even So.

Shirley (in Senior class meeting)—"Every time I open my mouth, some dunce begins to talk."

How could we dispense with
Miss Van Wagnen's patience
Pearl Smith's class honor.
Miss Cuvrell's dignity
Ray Knapp's oratorical power
Jennie Fletcher's smile
Olive Goheen's twaddle
Cleve Bradshaw's confidence
Norman Ellar's boldness (?)
Harold Rice's auburn locks ? ? ?

I washed my feet last night and can't do a thing with them.

Miss Van—"Are any of Conor's works in?"
Librarian—"No, they are all out at present."
Miss V.—"When the doctor is returned will you save him for me?"
Lib.—"The Doctor? I thought you preferred "The Lawyer."

Miss Cuvrell (in the Latin class)—"George, will you decline "My Hand?"
George—"No ma'am."

The Family Album

Clara Cooper—Occupation, making eyes. Characteristic, blushing. Resembles a peach blossom.

Grance Danielson—Occupation, studying. Characteristic, somewhat inclined to (Sherk). Resembles a kitten.

Norman Ellar—Occupation blowing his horn. Characteristic, dignified. Resembles the old family horse—(steady).

Olive Goheen—Occupation, dodging Cupid's arrows. Characteristic, shy, reserved. Resembles a ten year old kid. Favorite expression, "Who killed cock robin?"

Sadie Houghton—Occupation, dreaming. Favorite pastime, talking to the boys. Resembles a frightened deer—at times.

Ethel Martin—Occupation, taking pleasure rides. Characteristic, frivolous but enticing. Resembles a spring morning—fresh.

Shirley Owens—Occupation, a pedagogue in embryo. Characteristic, slo(w). Favorite pastime—looking at the girls.

Mabel Phillips—Characteristic, pleasant. Resembles, a pullet. (Has a nice little cackle). Favorite pastime, flirting.

Vernon Shaver—Occupation, filling pitcher's box. Characteristic, bashful. Favorite expression, "by heck."

Pearl Smith—Occupation, dress-maker. Characteristic, the smile that won't come off. Future occupation, missionary to Africa.

Faye Welch—Characteristic, always happy. Occupation, smiling. Favorite pastime, eating salted peanuts.



The Alumni

By Mrs. S. O. Denison

To Prof. C. E. Kellogg we are indebted for the organization of the Y. H. S. Alumni Association.

He, with ten enthusiastic Alumni, met in the High School in April 1906. It was decided to organize an Alumni Association and a committee consisting of Mrs. Lenox, Alex. Sayles and Wm. Menery was appointed by Chairman Prof. Kellogg to draft a constitution.

Two weeks later, another meeting was held: the report of the committee on framing a constitution was accepted and the constitution adopted.

The following officers were then elected to hold office only until the first Annual Meeting and Banquet in June: Pres., Mary Ware; Vice Pres., Eva Frances; Secretary, Rhea Hisey; Treasurer, Maude Pearce.

Preparations were at once begun for the 1st Annual Banquet held in the High School June 21, 1906.

Thanks to the efficient work of the president and other officers, and the loyal support of each Alumnus, the first banquet was a success in every way.

The following officers were elected for 1907: Pres., Mrs. Alex. Pollock, Vice Pres. Leslie J. Menzies, Sec. Mrs. S. O. Denison, Treas. Olive Morsehead.

The second annual banquet was held in the M. E. church with a greatly increased attendance and interest.

The following officers were elected for 1908: Pres., Blanch Parkinson; Vice Pres., Pearl McDonald; Sec., Ada Beard; Treas., Justin Cavanaugh.

At a meeting in the spring of 1908 Polly Wilcox was elected Secretary to act in the place made vacant by the absence of Ada Beard and at another meeting June 1, 1908, President Blanch Parkinson appointed a committee consisting of Olive Morsehead, Hattie Merrill and Leslie Menzies to amend or revise the old constitution which had become inadequate to the needs of the association.

At the 3rd Annual Banquet in Kennefic Hall the report of the committee on Constitutional revision was accepted and the constitution as revised adopted, also the following officers were elected: Pres., Leslie J. Menzies; Vice Pres., Mrs. S. O. Denison; Sec., Nellie Beard; Treas., Elizabeth L. Lothian.

At the first meeting in 1909 Mrs. Denison was elected president to fill the office made vacant by the absence of Leslie Menzies, and Pearl McDonald was elected vice president.

Some plans were made for committees appointed for the 4th Annual Banquet June 18, 1909. The hearty co-operation of the alumni and their friends has made each banquet a source of much pleasure and profit to all.

The first class to receive diplomas from the Yale High School was graduated in 1891. Since that time there have been eighty-seven graduates, two

of these having died and one the secretary has been unable to locate.

A splendid interest is taken in the banquets by the resident alumni and also by those at a distance who, though unable to attend, feel a sympathetic interest in their Alma Mater and the success of the association.

Since the successful growth of a school depends in a great measure upon its graduates, it is right that every school should look for the newest and best in the way of equipment for each department, and for the better trained teachers in every branch of the work.

As our alumni increases in members, we hope to increase in power and enthusiasm so that in the coming years we may insure a splendid growth and development, and abundant success to our Alma Mater.



Alumni

Class of 1891.

M. Estella Darcy (Mrs. Arthur Orr) 1043 Florida St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Mannie Cooper (Mrs. John Drennan) St. Ignace, Mich.
M. Letta Effrick, Bay City, Mich.

Class of 1893.

Selina Hoskin (Mrs. Hiram Holcomb) Yale.
Lizzie B. Menery (Mrs. Clark) Coleman, Mich.
Letta A. Meharg (Mrs. Wm. Lenox) Ludington, Mich.

Class of 1894.

Justin A. Cavanaugh, Yale.
Mary M. Pearce, Yale.
H. Maud Freeman, Enid, Oklahoma.
Julia Grinnell (Mrs. Jas. Burns) 302 Elm St., Pine Bluff, Ark.
Lulu J. High (Mrs. Jas. O'Rourke) Richmond, Mich.
Leah L. Darcy (Mrs. F. Yale Adams) Los Angeles, Cal.
Anna E. Brown, deceased.
Lillie M. Cooper (Mrs. H. Doelle) Croswell, Mich.

Class of 1895.

William Mann, Malta, Mont.

Class of 1896.

E. Pearl McDonald, Yale.
Mary M. Williams (Mrs. Harry Waterman) Peck, Mich.
Helena B. Sheehy, 95 Marston Court, Detroit.
Floyd Boughner, Melvin, Mich.
Frank Vincent, 1408 W. 87th St., Chicago, Ill.

Class of 1897.

Carroll Shaw, Chagrin Fall, Ohio.
Allen Smith, Atkins, Mich.
Vaughn Francis, 2820 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Francis Scully, deceased.
George Mann, Malta, Mont.
Edison Palmer, Port Huron, Mich.
Mary Irving, Yale.

Class of 1898.

Mary Ware, Yale.
Polly M. Wilcox, Carsonville, Mich.
Sarah R. Williams, Chicago, Ill.
N. Maude Pearce, Yale.

Class of 1899.

Chas. V. Andreae, Avoca, Mich.
Maud B. Hennessy (Mrs. A. Pollock) Yale.
Louise L. Andreae (Mrs. Guy Beard) Yale.
N. Frank Hydorn, Valley Center, Mich.
Sakie R. Scott, Buchanan, Mich.
Kate Grant (Mrs. Tuer) Lowell, Mich.
Maie L. Evans, 29 Mitchell Place, East Orange, N. J.
Maud E. Reid (Mrs. Glenn Ballentine) 1611 16th St., Port Huron, Mich.
Jay B. Weymouth, Marlette, Mich.

Class of 1900.

Rhea V. Hisey (Mrs. Dolph Andreae) Yale.
Olive G. Morsehead, Yale.

Class of 1901.

Mary Brown, Yale.
William Barr, La Junita, Colo.
Ira Bricker, Peck, Mich.
Mabelle Ferguson (Mrs. Ira Bricker) Peck, Mich.
Estella Francis, 204 W. 45th St., Los Angeles. Cal.
Clarica Goheen, Yale.
Robert Holbrook, 1433 Otto Blv'd, Chicago Heights, Ill.

Class of 1902.

Campbell Baxter, 547 Lawerenz Ave., Detroit.
Arthur Carson, Port Huron and Chicago Train, No. 5 or 6.
William Bailes, Detroit, Mich.
Isla Evans, 29 Mitchell Place, East Orange, N. J.
Rosella McGregor, Lenox, Mich.
Marion Carless (Mrs. Chas. Martin) Yale.
Lulu McMahon, Sunoma Co., Petaluma, Cal.
Florence Moore (Mrs. S. O. Dennison) Yale.
Blanche Parkinson, Yale.
Grace Newell, 17 Winder St., Detroit.
Edith Holden (Mrs. Jay Weymouth) Marlette, Mich.

Class of 1904.

Francis Jones (Mrs. Herb Eshelman) Flint.
Zella Beard, Munising, Mich.
Marguerite Worden, Yale.
Hattie Merrill, Yale.

Class of 1905.

Eva Francis, 204 W. 45th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Hattie Karn, Yale.
Alex. Sayles, Ann Arbor.
William Menery, 212 E. Williams St., Ann Arbor.

Class of 1906.

Vera Wallace, Yale.
Leslie Menzies, Yale.
Irving Palmer, 212 E. Williams St., Ann Arbor.
Maude Dickie, 72 La Brosse St., Detroit.
Fred Currier, 615 Cross St., Ypsilanti.
Claude Nims, Detroit, Mich.

Class of 1907.

Ada Beard, 126 College Place, Ypsilanti.
Roy Bricker, Marlette.
Edna Crippen.
Leonard Call, 506 Ellis St., Ypsilanti.
Pearl Darling, Yale.
Elizabeth Lothian, Yale.
Elizabeth Parkinson, Yale.

Class of 1908.

M. Eleanor Bidleman, Yale.
S. Belle Porterfield, Yale.
Hazel C. Moore, Yale.
Nellie E. Beard, Yale.
Rensley Holden, Yale.
J. Le Roy Moore, Yale.





EDUCATION IS THE FIRST STEP IN THE LADDER OF SUCCESS :: :: SAVING

Is the next step you should take by opening an account with a good bank and save part of your weekly earnings, so as to be ready to grasp opportunity when it comes.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

"A Good Bank to Tie To."

YALE, - - - - - - - - - - MICH.



THE CARPENTERS

Like to use our Lumber that is why they advise the buyer to come to us.

THE MASONS

Too recommend our CEMENT and PREPARED PLASTER.

We carry a full line of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Turned Work, Moulding, Prepared Roofing and Roof-Coating, Building Paper and Several of the best makes Prepared and Calcined Plaster, Lime, Hair, Cement, Brick, Drain Tile and Sewer Pipe, Extension Ladders, Hard, Soft and Smithing Coal.

YALE LUMBER & COAL CO., Limited



WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR....

Queen Quality

SHOES AND OXFORDS

WE INVITE YOU TO CALL AND SEE OUR LINE

N. KERR & SON

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

Suits, Coats and Skirts

Shirt-Waists, Fancy Collars, Jabot, Belt Buckles and Belt Pins.

"The Celebrated Ironclad Hosiery"

Hair Goods a Specialty.

HAYES AND SHEEHY

Successors to Mrs. C. Rounds.

::::::::FINE JOB PRINTING A SPECIALTY::::::::

The Yale Expositor

J. A. Menzies, Pub.

All the Latest Local, County, State and Foreign News.

Established 1882.

The Best Advertising Medium.

WHARTON & CO.

Buyers and Shippers of

Grain, Hay and Straw

Dealers in

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SURREYS, LIME, HAIR, CEMENT AND WOOL.

Seasonable Dress Fabrics and

Ready-to-Wear Garments

RIBBONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, FANS, NECKWEAR and PARASOLS.

We will be pleased to have your orders.

The Ballentine Dry Goods Company

Port Huron, - - - - Mich.

School Days Come and Go

But we are always here ready to show you an up-to-date line of Dress Goods, Skirts, Waists, Corsets, Shoes and Oxfords.

Try the American Lady Corset.

H. C. MARTIN

LOTHIAN & PALMER

The Up-To-Date

CLOTHIERS

and

FURNISHERS

Adler's Collegian Clothes, Raincoats, Hats and Caps.

LOTHIAN & PALMER

POLLOCK and HENNESSY

DRUGGISTS

SCHOOL BOOKS and SUPPLIES
TOILET ARTICLES,
FINE STATIONERY and ATHLETIC GOODS

POLLOCK and HENNESSY



A Buggy Ride

is probably the most enjoyable way of traveling. Providing, however, the buggy is all that it should be.

FOR AN IDEAL BUGGY

We advise you to look at the kind we offer.

Agricultural Implements ‖ George McIntyre

USE

YALE'S PRIDE FLOUR

The best domestic milled flour in this section of the country.

We also do farmer's Gristing and Feed Grinding.

YALE MILLING CO., Limited

YALE, MICHIGAN

Furniture and Undertaking

We are ready with a large stock of furniture which awaits your inspection, everything to make home comfortable.

Prices as low as the lowest.

GEORGE GOUGH

FUNERAL DIRECTOR and LICENSED EMBALMER.

Phone 132. Day or Night.

J. I. ROSENTHAL

Yale's Reliable Clothier

Ours is the only store in Yale that sells the famous B. Kuppenheimer & Co. Guaranteed Clothing.

The Crosset Shoe, ... $3.50 and $4.00

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe, ... $5.00

PLEASING GIFTS

OF PRACTICAL AND ARTISTIC VALUE

My selection of desirable articles for gifts for all occasions, and especially for **Commencement** and **Wedding Gifts** includes numerous things both practical for use and handsome in appearance. I maintain a high standard of quality and my prices **are no higher** than those charged for inferior goods.

JEWELER ***L. Roy Fuller*** OPTICIAN

Kodaks ═══ ***Cameras***

A Kodak means out of doors for you if it is a workable one. Get an Eastman Kodak or a Primo Camera.

Mathews & Wight, Druggists

FOR FINE MILLINERY

....GO TO....

M. A. ROSS

YALE SHOE STORE

THE PLACE TO BUY
THE BEST SHOES

W. J. LUDINGTON, Proprietor

PLUMBERS--ELECTRICIANS

FURNACES and STEAM HEAT
SHEET IRON and TIN WORK

SWEET AND COMPANY

Home of Good Printing



OUR CUSTOMERS ARE ALL SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Good Printing Pays

The Herald Printing Co.

PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

LOOK!!

YOU CAN

HELP US

WE CAN

HELP YOU

That is why we invite you to come and be one of us

YALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. Prentiss H. Case, Pastor

T. G. Holden

AND SON

FRESH

and

SALT MEATS

Phone 19

YALE, - - MICH.



LADIES'

Ready-to-Wear

GOODS

We take great pride in our line of ladies ready to wear goods. Ours is the La Vogue line. For fit, style and price they are unequaled.

You will find suits in ladies and little women sizes in all shades, running in price from $12.00 to $25.00. Alterations free of charge. We positively guarantee a fit.

Beavis & Hutchinson

The Store of Quality.

DR. WIGHT

Office

Main street.

YALE, - - MICH.

Dr. Alice M. Doering

DENTIST

Holden Block

YALE, - - MICH.

E. H. DRAKE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office first door south of residence.

J. A. RAPLEY

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

INSURANCE

and

LOANS

Office Rapley Block

FINE
DRY GOODS
AND
LADIES
FURNISHINGS

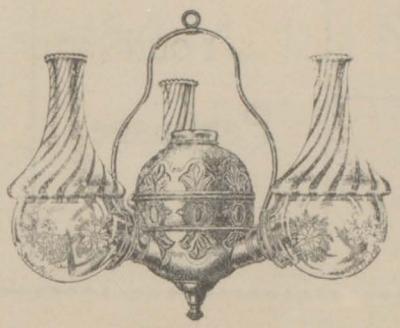
When You Graduate

be of the alumni who bought their graduation things
of

Palmer Bros. & Co.

YALE, "A good place to trade" MICH.

FINE
FOOTWEAR
AND
BLUE RIBBON
HOSIERY



The Light That Never Fails is

THE ANGLE LAMP

A full supply of Lamps and Repairs in stock.

H. H. HOLDEN, Agent

YALE, (Box 56) MICH.

Central Meat Market

T. J. Minnie, Prop.

Fresh, Salt and Cured Meats

POULTRY, OYSTERS, FISH and CHEESE

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hogs, Cattle and Sheep.

YALE, - - - MICH.

HIGH CLASS WORK DONE
....AT....
RITTER'S



ARE YOU CAPABLE OF EARNING A GOOD SALARY? IF NOT PREPARE YOURSELF AT THE

Port Huron Business University

Where many others have prepared and are earning good salaries. Our enrollment has increased 15 per cent over last year, and all our graduates are employed. Many high school students have attended, and all have made good. There's a reason why this school is growing so rapidly. Call or write for full particulars.

MAJESTIC BUILDING. PORT HURON, MICH.

WE TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN OUR SCHOOLS

WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON
....OUR....

Hardware Store

JOHN HUTTON

We Solicit Your Patronage

ARTHUR V. PARMLEE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
and
LICENSED EMBALMER

HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CARPETS, RUGS,
and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Phone 24—Day or Night.

YALE, - -.. - MICH.

YOURS FOR BARGAINS

THE BIG CHEAP STORE

STRICTLY CASH

First door north of postoffice.

GEO. H. NIMS

"The bakery that saves you money."
Our groceries are always fresh.

Phone 108. TRY THEM. Yale, Mich.

IRA GOHEEN

PICTURE FRAMING

....*and* REPAIRING

MILLINERY

THE LATEST CREATIONS IN
MILLINERY CAN BE FOUND AT

M. M. PEARCE

Three Things for a Young Lady to be Proud of

First

That she may be a graduate of the Yale High School.

Second

That she may be an Alumnus of the Yale High School.

Third

That she may be a wearer of the famous, Faultless Fitting Dorothy Dodd Shoes.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

Newell & Ponsford

GO TO

WHARTON & CO.

FOR YOUR GROCERIES.

They are always fresh. Prices Right.

WHEN IN YALE

DON'T FORGET THE **10c**
FEED BARN

RYNO AND SON, Proprietors

WE HEARTILY THANK THE BUSINESS MEN OF YALE FOR THEIR LIBERAL PATRONAGE AND GOOD WILL.

THE MANAGEMENT

ROUNDS HARDWARE CO. Limited

Our business is Growing in Quality and Quantity. "There is a reason why." It is because we Specialize in Hardware. We study Hardware. We think Hardware. We know Hardware. So we are in a position to sell Hardware. So if you want anything in the Hardware line it will pay you to let us have an opportunity to figure with you.

THE HARDWARE SPECIALISTS

The Rexall Drug Store

We try to make this the best **Drug Store** and we do not ask for your patronage without earnest effort on our part. We assure you of the highest purity of every drug store article. We guarantee satisfaction absolutely to every purchaser. These merits with prices at the lowest notch, prompt and courteous treatment justify us in making a bid for your patronage. Jewelry and Optical Goods.

GRANT HOLDEN